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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

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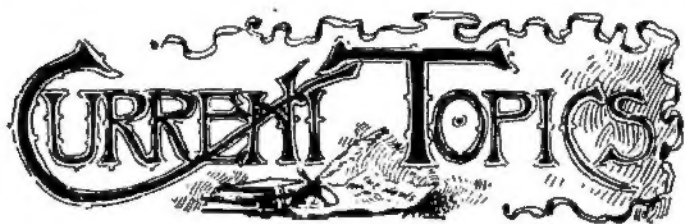
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26th OCTOBER, 1889.



Next year our French-Canadian compatriots will have the chance of a little harmless self-glorification. Twelve months from now—October 16, 1890—it will be just two hundred years since sturdy old Frontenac repelled with scorn the summons of Sir William Phips to surrender his fortress. After hearing the Count's explanation of his position and principles, the envoy of Phips, somewhat disconcerted at his defiant tone, and hesitating to be the communicator of such startling language to his master, asked to have the reply in writing. "No," rejoined Frontenac, "I will answer your General only by the mouths of my cannon that he may learn that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best and I will do mine." The messenger was then blindfolded and conducted over the barricades and by boat back to the fleet. The plan suggested to Phips for scaling the heights was the same which Wolfe afterwards adopted so successfully. But Phips delayed too long. The reinforcements from Montreal arrived, and, after some skirmishing and cannonading, in which the English had the worst of it, he weighed anchor and was gone. There was great rejoicing at Quebec, and, as on former occasions, the seasonable help, which was the answer to earnest prayer, was duly and piously remembered. The Church of Notre Dame de la Victoire (des Victoires, after the discomfiture of Admiral Walker) was the memorial of the victory.

Some time ago we drew attention to an approaching Ethnographical Congress, as a feature of the French Exposition of peculiar interest to men of science. It was opened on the afternoon of September 30, under the presidency of M. Jules Oppert. The races of mankind were well enough represented to furnish illustrations for one of M. Figuier's instructive volumes, and the manner in which scholarly men of the Semitic, Mongolian and African types expressed themselves in faultless French would seem to indicate that the dream of our Laureate was, like that of an earlier poet, not all a dream, and that something like a parliament of man (at least, in the province of science) is not quite an impossibility. General Tchong Ki-Tong, of the Chinese Legation at Paris, made a most telling and acceptable address. Though arrayed in the rich and not unbecoming costume of the upper classes of his nation, his language was that of an educated and enlightened son of La Belle France. He spoke of the remarkable movement now going on for the assimilation of the peoples of the earth. The word "foreigner" was every day losing something of its old repellent

significance. He referred to America as the destined bridge, in the time that was coming, between the nations of the East and those of the West. The latter might, perhaps, find, as its intercourse with the Orient widened and deepened, that it was not the Heaven-appointed guardian of all the knowledge profitable to mankind, and that there were some lessons which might with advantage be learned even from the "heathen Chinese."

The next speaker was a warrior with whose name and exploits the telegrams of the last few months have made us fairly familiar. General Legitime, who is, it appears, a full-blooded negro, spoke of Hayti as essentially French in sentiment and ideas. He lauded France for her open-minded demeanour to people of other races. She had made friends with the Arab, the American Indian, the Mongolian and the African. In the West Indies the French were respected, just because they respected others. Germany and England were also represented at the Congress, and India and North Africa were present by delegates.

If France's industrial progress has been remarkable during the last couple of decades, not less extraordinary is the proficiency attained in military matters. If the forecasts or menaces which have been so frequently made in recent years were to be fulfilled or carried out to-day, France could put into the field five armies of 200,000 men each, and two armies of 150,000 men each—all completely equipped for a long campaign and supported by ample reserves for garrison duty and the filling up of vacancies. This force is five times as strong as that with which Louis Napoleon entered the lists with Germany in 1870. The subject of railway transport has occupied the attention of experts, and no possible emergency in the movement of great bodies of men and munitions of war has been lost sight of in the arrangements adopted. The rolling stock is said to be most efficient—6,000 locomotives and 200,000 carriages and wagons of all kinds being available at any moment for military purposes. In fact, notwithstanding the division and conflict, the frequent changes of ministry and readjustments of parties, which have made the stage of French politics so kaleidoscopic, one question has been of common interest and paramount importance to all parties and cabinets—the reorganization of the army and the revival of France's military prestige.

In a recent report of the "Mineral Resources of the United States," issued by the U.S. Geological Survey, Mr. Charles A. Ashburner expresses the opinion that "the superior quality of the British Columbia coal from the mines at Nanaimo, which can be imported at San Francisco and compete with the Washington Territory coals in the open market, even after paying the duty, must always hold the development of the domestic Pacific Coast coals in check." On other phases of the question Mr. Ashburner adds the following considerations: "The Canadian Pacific Railroad and the entire districts to which it passes procure their supply of coals now principally from local interior mines which are rapidly being opened. Australia will continue to supply the Eastern countries and the islands of the Pacific with all the coals they may require, and England, having export freights from Chili and Peru, can send coal to these countries cheaper than they can be supplied from British Columbia, so that these circumstances will all combine to keep San Francisco the principal market for British Columbia coals. These facts

will always militate against the rapid and independent development of the Pacific Coast coals, particularly those of Washington Territory." The conditions on which the movements of any particular branch of commerce depend must be carefully studied before any rational forecast can be made of its direction and development. Works, like the one just quoted, which supply accurate data for such forecasts, are extremely valuable to the mercantile community.

The Press Bureau of Chicago has issued a circular to the journalists of North America soliciting their good will on behalf of the Western metropolis as the site of the World's Exhibition of 1892. The alternative choice, as our readers are aware, is that of New York. To which candidate should Canada's sympathies be given? Our enterprising contemporary, *Books and Notions*, makes the following plea for Chicago: "Chicago is the place which best suits Canadians. Visitors to the Exposition are there nearer our still roomy territories in the North-West than they would be in New York, and the enormous benefit of having those lands viewed by travellers from all parts of the world must weigh greatly with us. The choice of Chicago must also be to the advantage of our railways. Travellers can reach Chicago from either of our shores as cheaply through Canadian territory as they can through United States territory. We cannot but have a large share of both passenger and freight traffic. We are certainly more likely to be the better of overflow from Chicago than from New York." There is certainly some force in this argument. But, on the other hand, Chicagoans are not likely to inspire their guests with an overwhelming admiration for our North-West, and persons of the class of which the visitors from the ends of the earth would for the most part consist would as readily cross the border from New York as from Chicago. For our part we would rather fix attention on our own threefold celebration. The year 1892, it ought not to be forgotten, will be not only the quarter-centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus, but also the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Montreal by De Maisonneuve and the 25th year of the Canadian Confederation. Canada must surely have some commemoration of so noteworthy a coincidence.

Sir Edwin Arnold could not escape being interviewed and, though he evidently did not wish to give his opinions in that off-hand way on a variety of touchy subjects—some of them of entirely too personal a character for confidences to a mixed and largely unsympathetic, if not hostile, public—his courtesy and good nature won the day over the Englishman's reserve and the journalist's discretion. What he said of the distinction between the discipline of Oxford and that of Harvard was doubtless true—at least, in part. The former tends to foster respect for authority; the latter encourages independence and self-reliance. Few Americans will, however, admit that the average college-bred Englishman is more courteous than the average college-bred American. Such a pretension is enough to make Richard Grant White awake from his sound sleep. And then is it quite correct to say that in the United States there are no social distinctions?

It was rather hard on Mr. Gladstone to say that he knew he was wrong; that his reason for going over to the Irish Nationalists was purely political; that he wanted to strengthen his party and recover

his leadership, expecting to retain his Liberal followers, while winning over Mr. Parnell and his eighty-five henchmen. The victorious interviewer takes care to point out that Sir Edwin Arnold was loath to express his opinions on the Irish question, which were out of harmony with those of so many Americans, and that he was emphatic in avowing his reverence for Mr. Gladstone. Yet this reluctance did not prevent the wily scribe from publishing the very views on men and things that Sir Edwin would fain have kept from public cognizance. Some years ago a friend of Mr. Lowell called upon that gentleman just after his return from his mission to England, and having got him to talk freely about his English acquaintances, all and sundry, from the Prince of Wales down, gave it all to the newspapers. Mr. Lowell was very sorry that he had talked about people at all, when he saw how it looked in print, and denied that he had spoken evil of dignities—at any rate with a view to publication. As the poet says:

One has to bolt a bitter pill
When interviewed against his will.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands of this province made some explanations recently to a representative of the *Quebec Chronicle*, which must be satisfactory to all Canadian and American sportsmen who are interested in the preservation of the ouinanche from the depredations which have proved so destructive to other Canadian fisheries. It appears that for some time past complaints have been made—and unhappily not without justification—of the sweeping havoc wrought by the seine on the denizens of Lake St. John and its tributaries. The press, both in the States and Canada, took the matter up and earnestly urged on the Quebec Government the advisability of withdrawing the licenses on which the aggressors professed to base their authority. Mr. Duhamel, on being appealed to, indignantly denied that any such licenses had been issued. The Department had never authorized any person to use nets in capturing ouinanche. The Commissioner had, moreover, given strict orders to the departmental officers in that vicinity to keep watch upon such offenders and to confiscate all fish taken in violation of the law.

In consequence of the months of December and January having been pronounced unseasonable for the sale of fishing leases—especially in view of the interest which Americans, some of them residing at a considerable distance, have taken in the fishing grounds—the date of the sale has been postponed till early in the spring. The month of June was at first suggested as an alternative, but, on second thought, it was decided that such a time would be too late, as purchasers would like to have their arrangements made in the beginning of the summer. Some clubs—both American and Canadian—have already spent considerable sums of money on the roads, boats, houses, etc., and this has tended to increase the value of property, from which the Government looks in future for larger revenue than hitherto. Nothing, therefore, should be forgotten in settling the time and manner of the sale, which would make the transactions more profitable.

It is satisfactory to know that the prospects are fair for a friendly settlement of the Behring Sea question and other subjects of dispute between England and the United States. We in Canada are in such constant communication with our Republican neighbours that, whatever may be said

in the heat of controversy, we are not likely to nourish for long any rancorous animosity. A permanent *modus vivendi* on all the points of difference would be welcomed throughout the Dominion. In this connection the words of Sir Edwin Arnold are not inopportune. During his recent visit he was so impressed with “the unmistakable identification of race,” the “practical identity of manners, mind and national life” between Great Britain and the United States, that he could not but hope that “whatever other nations may quarrel and come “into armed conflict, America and England,—“vainly divided by the ocean,—will by-and-by “establish an international tribunal composed of “the worthiest and best trusted men on either “side, and will refer to their judgment under the “laws of right and reason,—without appeal,—“every question which threatens to disturb the “natural alliance that, in my opinion, furnishes the “very best hope of mankind.”

A PROBLEM FOR THE FUTURE.

About seven years ago there arose a far-reaching agitation as to the waste of timber. The precious forests of this continent were fast disappearing and unless some check were promptly and effectively interposed, ere long (it was urged) there would be such a wood famine as had already threatened or overtaken parts of the Old World. In the reign of Elizabeth such an outcry arose in England against the slaughter of trees that the iron manufacture languished for want of fuel. Yet, then, as now, the workers in iron had millions of tons of coal within reach of them. This fossil had, indeed, been known to the inhabitants of Great Britain since the earliest times. It had been in use to some extent in Roman and Anglo-Saxon periods, but had fallen into desuetude for centuries. The Normans did not take to coal as a fuel. Early in 14th century it was forbidden in London as a nuisance, and though, at later dates, it was occasionally used even in the royal palaces, it did not come into general vogue (save in the metropolis) for either domestic or manufacturing purposes. The conjunction of coal and iron as the staples of Great Britain's prosperity, so familiar in dissertations and speeches, is altogether a modern conception. Two hundred years ago the consumption of about three-quarters of a million tons of coal was considered by the writers of the day to be something enormous. In the early years of George III the amount consumed had grown to from five to six millions. When Macaulay wrote his history, he took pride in pointing out that the whole annual product could not be less than thirty million tons. When Prof. Leone Levi wrote his “History of British Commerce,” that figure had more than trebled. By that time, indeed (1872), the rate of increase began to excite alarm in the minds of far-seeing men. They asked whether at such a pace England would always have coal of her own to burn. The question was by most people taken rather as a joke than in earnest. The “coal famine” which followed taught sceptics a lesson. The annual output at that time was about 125,000,000 tons, and the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the subject concluded that, taking 4,000 feet as the limit of workable depth, England had a supply of coal that would last for about 1,200 years. But that computation was based on the hypothesis that the annual output would remain stationary. Since then, however, the yearly output has gone on augmenting, until now it is something

over 160,000,000 tons, so that the years of grace are already reduced to about 850. It is, in fact, evident that, unless some plan of economizing coal (such as Mr. Mattieu Williams suggested during the “famine”) be adopted, it will come to pass within an appreciable period that one of the world's activities will be carrying coals to Newcastle—which, with our grandfathers, was synonymous with a fool's errand.

It seems that some long-sighted American has been calculating the possible duration of the United States coal fields as a source of supply. The British Commission, already mentioned, estimated the whole carboniferous region of North America to be about seventy times as extensive as that of the United Kingdom. But since their report was written discoveries have been made which make that estimate fall far short of the reality. Nevertheless the output of the whole of America, North, Central and South, does not come up to that of England. Our neighbours are, it is true, fast overtaking the Mother Country, and will ultimately surpass it. Setting the world's production at about 450,000,000 tons, the British Empire contributes about 170,000,000, and the United States about 120,000,000 tons. Together they yield nearly two-thirds of the whole production. Germany comes next as a coal-producer, its output being more than half that of the United States. France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary follow with less than a third each of Germany's output. The British Colonies come next, with a total yield exceeding that of Russia. In 1887, according to the statistics for that year, in Day's “Mineral Resources,” the respective yields were:—Australia, 2,830,175 tons; Nova Scotia, 1,700,000 tons; India, 951,001; New Zealand, 534,353, and British Columbia, 326,635. Russia, Spain, Japan, Italy, Sweden and “other countries” make up the rest of the total.

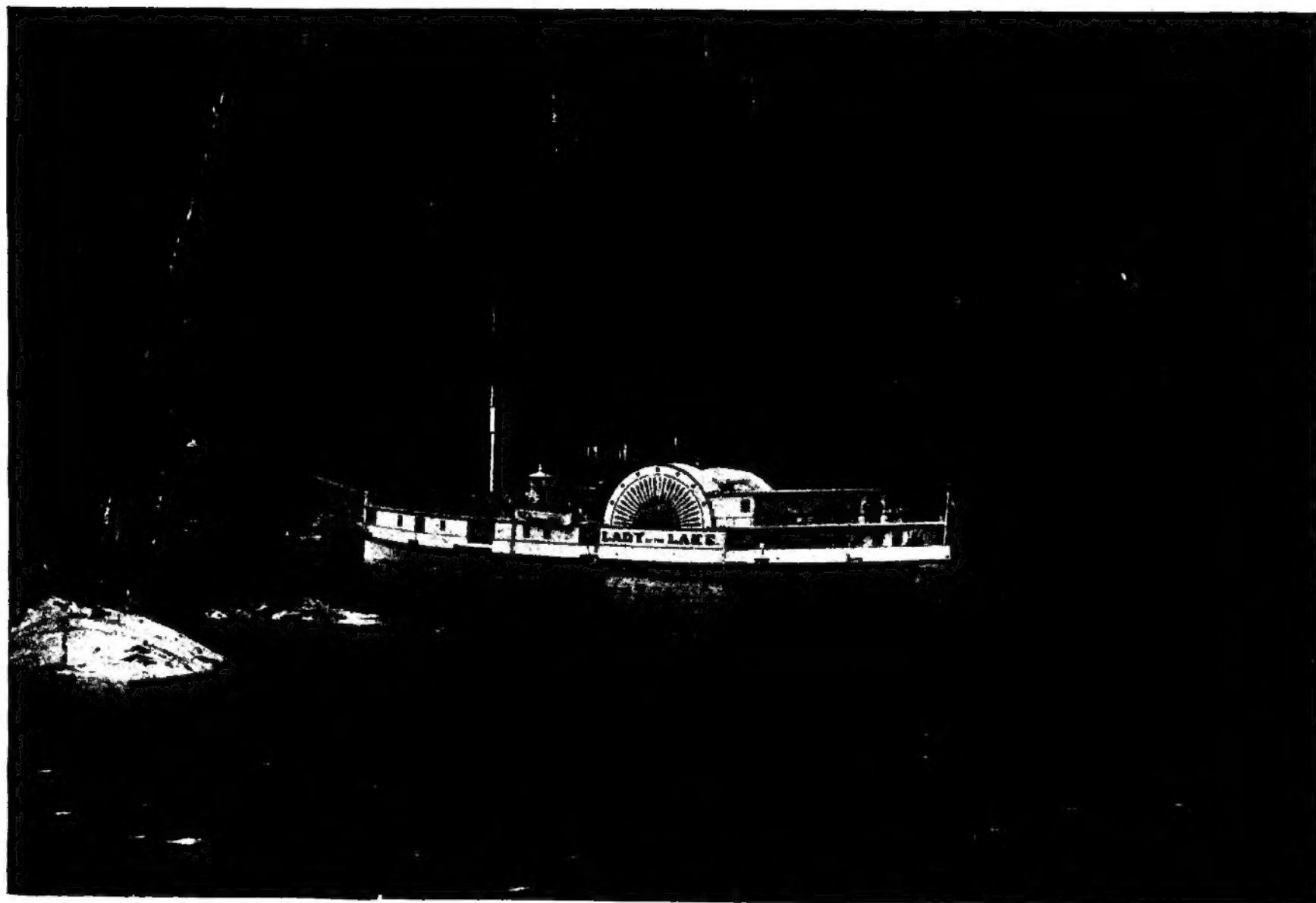
Mr. Williams, who was the first to call attention to the waste of coal in England by the use, so obstinately adhered to, of open fire-places, is of opinion that once foreign competition invades England, the limit of 4,000 feet will be quickly overpassed. It is, he argues, simply a matter of money. If paying prices be offered for deep coal, men will be found to venture into the bowels of the earth, in spite of the temperature. He maintains, moreover, that 116.3° Fahrenheit is by no means the limit at which men work at certain industries in England. It is greatly a matter of habit. The Japanese bathe in scalding water. Red Sea stokers stand a heat of 145 degrees. But even if the 4,000 feet terminus be crossed, the available coal—even up or down to 10,000 feet—would be only about a third of what is above that depth, so that the day of extinction would only be deferred, at tremendous cost, for a calculable period. Besides, it is likely that the law would prevent mining at such hazardous depths. The time when England's supply of coal will be used up may, therefore, be contemplated as a certainty for coming generations. What will then become of the argument, so often repeated, that England's supremacy is due to coal? Mr. Williams laughs at the persistency with which this statement is repeated, and asks how it is that China's 400,000 square miles of coal-bearing territory have not raised the Mongolian to the same proud position. It is to moral forces—industry, skill, self-denial, enterprise, organizing power, foresight—that a nation's success is due. Besides, if England's coal measures were exhausted, she has in her own colonies a store sufficient for all her needs. The



HON. M. G. BULKELEY,
GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.



COL. CONE, OF THE 1ST CONNECTICUT N. G.,
RECENTLY ON A VISIT TO MONTREAL.

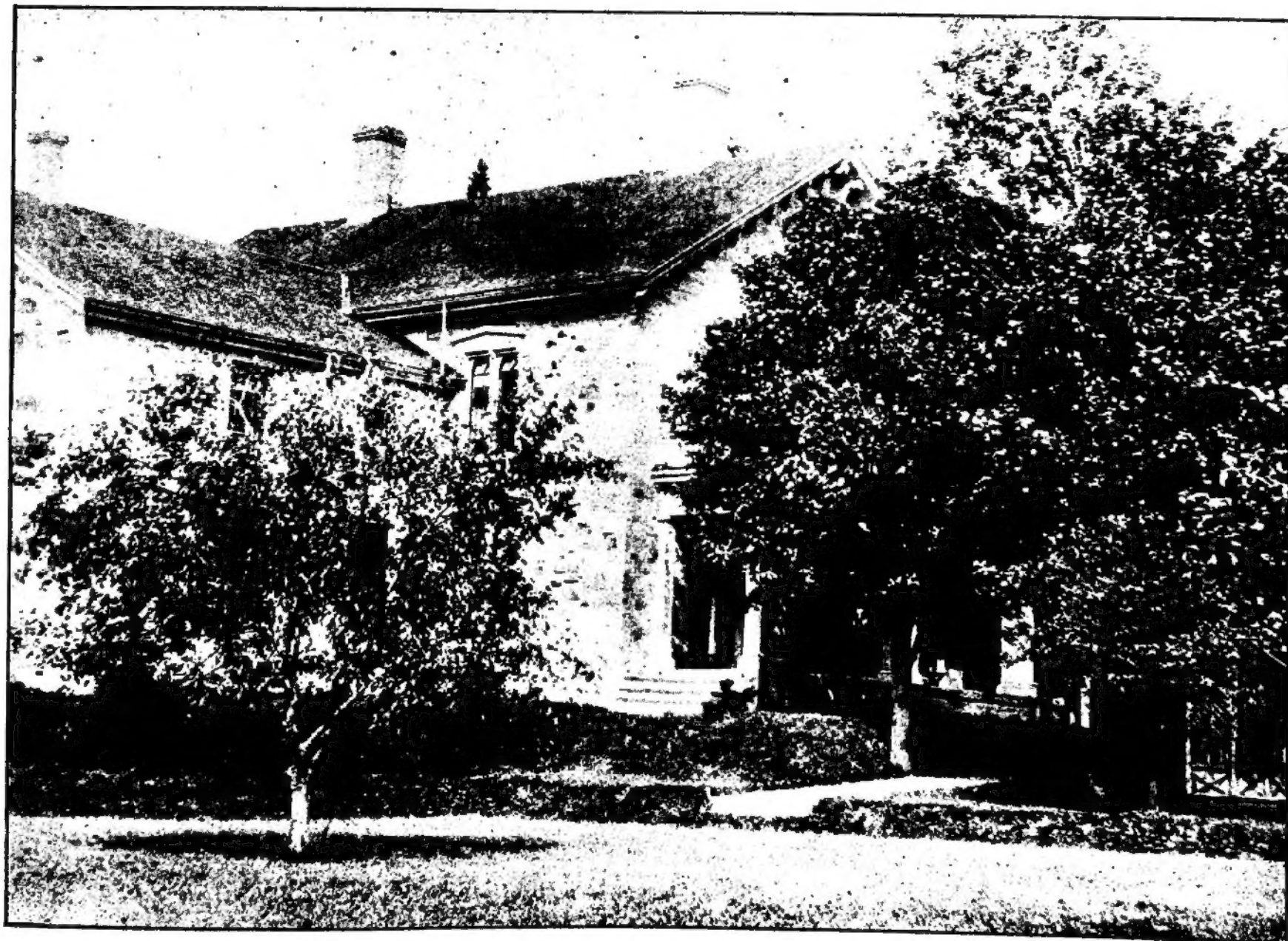


"OWL'S HEAD" LANDING, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



THE LATE HON. SIDNEY SMITH.

THE LATE JUDGE OLIVIER.
Pittaway & Jarvis, photo.

CARROLLCROFT, VIEW FROM S. W.

world's coal fields have only begun to be worked. Not to speak of the vast deposits that await the advent of capital and enterprise in the Old World, our own continent contains coal of every variety, from anthracite to lignite, and even peat in quantities practically exhaustless. In Canada, the proportion of coal used for fuel and industries since Father Hennepin first announced its existence, is but a small fraction of the vast treasury that nature's workshop has made ready for the millions that will one day cover all our waste places. While agreeing with Mr. Williams, therefore, that it is not the material so much as the moral wealth of a country that gives it a commanding place in the world, the gifts of soil and rock, of river and forest are not to be despised. Fresh inventions are constantly modifying old notions as to the importance of substances used in arts and manufactures, and coal as a fuel, a light-giver and a motive power has felt the approach of some formidable rivals. There is no reason for anxiety, as to a future for whose advantage and comfort so many of the brains are making provision.

SONGS OF THE GREAT DOMINION.

A recent issue of the London *Canadian Gazette* makes the following remarks as to the reception of Mr. Lighthall's anthology:

Canadian poets are much in favour in London literary circles just now, thanks largely to the "Songs of the Great Dominion," which Mr. Wm. D. Lighthall has collected and published. Sir Edwin Arnold has chosen out some of the choicer gems and given them light in the *Daily Telegraph*, setting them in a delightful framework of his own weaving; and now the *Athenæum* follows close behind with seven and a half columns of well-merited eulogy. In the selection given in the latter criticism there is illustrated for us the progress which poetry has made—from the "wild woods" passions of early times, to the exulting national hopes of the singers of to-day. This growth in the high spirits of Canadian poetry Mr. Lighthall attributes to the influence of Confederation, but not so the *Athenæum*. "Splendid as that great event was," the change is, it thinks, due rather to "the exhilaration that comes in a brilliant climate to men who are day by day possessing themselves of Nature's secrets and her wealth." Very true, no doubt, but why should not the cause of the change be sought in both? With Canada, material growth and increasing national aspirations have gone hand in hand, and what more natural than that they should together have strengthened and elevated Canadian song? Meanwhile Mr. Lighthall's collection may well have a practical purpose. Says the *Athenæum*:—"How many a home-bound Englishman reading in this volume must yearn for the opportunity now offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway of seeing the great virgin forests and prairies before settlement has fairly begun—of seeing them as they existed before even the foot of the red man trod them—of seeing them without that physical toil which only a few hardy explorers can undergo! It is hard to think that he who has not seen the vast unsettled tracts of the British Empire knows nature only under the same aspect as she has been known by all the poets from Homer to our own day."

Of the "exquisite popular poetry" of the French-Canadians the *Athenæum* is to speak another day.

Some of the stories in Mr. F. Blake Crofton's amusing book, "Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax," which was reviewed in our pages some weeks ago, appeared originally in the *Union Jack*, a boys' magazine, started by Messrs. Sampson, Son & Co., London, and in his previous popular book, "The Major's Big-Talk Stories." Some of them have, we believe, been reproduced and gone the round of the press without his name. Those who may happen to have seen any of them before will now know to whom to credit them.



THE GRECIAN BRIDE.—This engraving needs little remark. The fair one who has been made happy is of those "Isles of Greece" which have been celebrated in song for nearly three thousand years. She is of the modern Hellenic race, which has undergone considerable modification through Slavonic and other admixtures. It has still, however, preserved a large share of that beauty which is even to-day a standard for the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, and the subject of our engraving may be taken as a good type of female loveliness, both on the continent and in the islands. Old customs and costumes have, in a great measure, survived, and some of the groups met with by tourists might be used as they are for the illustration of the classical period.

GOVERNOR BULKELEY AND COL. CONE, CONNECTICUT REGIMENT.—Of the military events of the last season there were none, perhaps, that gave more satisfaction to those concerned, as well by sympathy as by participation, than the visit to Montreal of the Connecticut Regiment. We hope that we shall never have an invasion of a less friendly character, and that the sentiment that prompted the visit and the reception will be deepened and widened till the United States and Canada are neighbours, not merely by proximity, but also (in the scriptural sense) by mutual good will and kindly service. The Connecticut Regiment, which embraces a signal and an ambulance corps and a Gatling gun department, arrived in Montreal on the 4th of October, and the manner in which it was welcomed lacked nothing but sunshine to make it agreeable. As the "proud invaders," with their fine band, led by Mr. J. Oscar Casey, marched through our streets to the Windsor Hotel, the enthusiasm that greeted them and the admiration expressed for their smart, soldierly appearance could not but be gratifying to the officers and men. The staff of the visiting regiment was composed of Colonel Wm. E. Cone, Major Thos. M. Smith, Adjutant C. H. Ingalls, Surgeon H. G. Home, Assistant Surgeon S. B. Childs, Inspector Target Practice James B. Houston, Chaplain Rev. Jas. Stoddard, Paymaster Alfred W. Green, Quartermaster T. C. Swan, Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, followed with the following staff:—Quartermaster General Rudd, Sergeant General Hungerford, Paymaster General Fenn, Cols. Chappell and Fairman, A.D.C. They wore blue uniforms with gold and soft felt hats with gold cords and tassels. After them came the distinguished guests as follows:—U. S. Senator Major-General Howley, Major John G. Root, Hartford; L. B. Plymton, advocate; Major Burdette, Major Allen, ex-Quartermaster General Goodridge, Paymaster McCray, Quartermaster Cheney, Major Westfall, Major Rathbone, and a number of well known newspaper men from the States. The regiment itself came in the rear. The men look well and the uniforms have a most pleasant effect, heightened by the red blankets on the knapsacks. The officers in command of the different companies are as follows:—Company A—Capt. Edward Schultz, 1st Lieut. Henry F. Smith, 2nd Lieut. James C. Bailey. Company B—Capt. P. H. Smith, 1st Lieut. John T. Lawler, 2nd Lieut. Richard J. Kingsley. Company D—Capt. Augustus M. Bennett, 1st Lieut. William E. Allen, 2nd Lieut. John McBriarty. Company E—Capt. Alfred L. Thompson, 1st Lieut. Jno. J. Smith, 2nd Lieut. B. A. Upson. Company F—Capt. George B. Newton, 1st Lieut. Louis B. Hubbard, 2nd Lieut. Chas. W. Newton. Company G—Capt. John Hickey, 1st Lieut. Charles L. Eissett, 2nd Lieut. Chas. Cheney. Company H—Capt. Wm. H. McLennan, 1st Lieut. Henry E. Chapman, 2nd Lieut. Chas. H. Patterson. Company K—Capt. De Witt P. Preston, 1st Lieut. Chas. H. Slocum, 2nd Lieut. L. H. Saunders. Machine gun platoon, Lieutenant Henry Avery. Signal Corps, Lieutenant Morris Penrose. The non-commissioned officers were: Sergt.-Major H. S. Redfield; hospital steward, Chas. E. Gooderich; acting quartermaster, Alfred W. Dodd; commission department, Clarence P. H. Wickham; drum-major, Wm. C. Steel; band leader, J. O. Casey. Among those who, in various ways, contributed to the honouring and entertaining of the distinguished guests were the members of the City Council, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, Lieut.-Col. Matice, Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, Brigade Major Roy, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull (M.G.A.), Lieut.-Col. Kennedy (Montreal Engineers), Lieut.-Col. Massey (Sixth Fusiliers), Captain and Adjutant Lydon (Fifth Royal Scots), Captain McArthur, Major Atkinson and Lieut. Kemp, and a number of others.

THE LATE HON. SIDNEY SMITH.—We present our readers in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with a portrait of the late Hon. Sidney Smith, a gentleman who, in his day, took a leading part in Canadian politics. Like not a few of the prominent men of Ontario, Mr. Smith was the scion of a U. E. L. family, his grandfather, after the close of the revolutionary war, settling in the County of Durham and practically founding the town of Port Hope. He was born at Port Hope on the 16th October, 1823. His father, John David Smith, and his two brothers, James and John Shuter Smith, all held seats in the Legislative Assembly of old Canada. He was educated at Cobourg and Port Hope, and studying law was admitted to the Bar in 1844. He soon established a large business, and was for some time solicitor for the Commercial Bank,

the Bank of Montreal, the Midland Railway, and the town of Cobourg. In 1862 he was made a Queen's Counsel. His entry into public life was made in 1853 as a councillor for the town of Cobourg; the same year he was elected warden of the Counties of Northumberland and Durham, and in 1854 was returned to Parliament for the West Riding of Northumberland. In the House of Assembly he exhibited considerable independence of political parties, going into opposition to the Government of Sir Allan MacNab. The Chattel Mortgage Act, still practically in force, was put on the statute book chiefly through his influence. The Jury Act of Ontario is also his work. On the 2nd of February, 1858, he was taken into the Cabinet as Postmaster-General, later holding the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture. In the former capacity it was his duty to inaugurate, after much difficulty, and in the face of strong opposition, the Canadian mail steamship service. To do this he had to make two trips to Europe, where he secured the co-operation of the English, Dutch, Prussian and French Governments. The postal revenue from the first Canadian ocean mail was just fourteen shillings. It rapidly increased, however, and soon, instead of the forty bags with which the service started, the Canadian steamers carried a hundred. Mr. Smith put the same energy into other branches of the work, reduced expenses, extended the facilities of the department, and in a few years abolished the annual deficit of \$200,000. He retired with the deserved reputation of being one of the ablest postmasters-general the country ever had. In the elections of 1861 he was defeated in the contest for the Assembly, but was immediately thereafter elected to the Legislative Council for the Trent district, from which he retired in 1863, to resume his law practice in Peterboro, where, from 1860 to 1864, the late Hon. Thomas White was a student in his office. In November, 1866, Mr. Smith was appointed inspector of registry offices for Upper Canada, and did much to improve this important branch of the provincial service. Mr. Smith, though a Conservative in politics, was a man of truly liberal views. He supported the secularization of the clergy reserves, and advocated manhood suffrage and the representation of minorities. In 1859 he was presented with a piece of plate "in commemoration of his fearless behaviour and effective services, the admiration of all on board, in saving the steamer Ploughboy from wreck on the dangerous shores of Lake Huron, on the tempestuous night of Saturday, July 2, 1859." Mr. Smith's services on this occasion contributed largely to secure the safety of all on board a crowded excursion boat, among them being the present Premier of Canada, when the machinery had broken down. In 1860, when the Prince of Wales was in Canada, Mr. Smith entertained him during his stay in Cobourg at the family residence on the shores of Lake Ontario. His death, at the age of 66 years, closes a career full of useful work, the good effects of which will live long after him; and of all the older generations of Canadian statesmen few deserve to be held in more honourable remembrance. Mr. Smith married, in 1844, Miss Bennett, of Cobourg, and leaves three sons, Mr. H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands; Mr. Sidney Smith, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa; and Mr. Fred. H. Smith, Inspector of Postal Service, with headquarters at Port Arthur.

THE LATE HON. JUDGE OLIVIER.—The portrait of Judge Olivier on another page will give a melancholy pleasure to many friends of the deceased gentleman, so suddenly cut off in the prime of his years and usefulness. He was one of those who took a prominent part in the ceremony to which we devote a share of our space in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Being president of the Alumni Association of Ottawa University, no small part of the duties connected with the unveiling of the statue of Father Tabaret devolved upon him. In discharging those duties he displayed his habitual zeal, and was unwearied in his efforts to have every preparation satisfactorily made and the whole proceedings carried out in a manner worthy of such an occasion. It is supposed that he caught the cold which so rapidly proved fatal whilst standing with head uncovered and exposed to the chilly wind. In the evening he attended the banquet and chatted pleasantly with his friends. About 10.30 he complained of feeling unwell, and leaving the table was shown into Father Gendreau's room. He then asked where Mrs. Olivier was, and said he would like to see her. She was in the Ladies' Gallery, and was immediately sent for. The judge complained to her of feeling very cold and brandy was sent for, but Mrs. Olivier, thinking that her husband was suffering from one of his usual attacks of indigestion, advised his not taking any and it was set aside. A few minutes after a violent attack of sickness showed that he was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. Dr. Valade was immediately sent for, but his efforts were unavailing, the sufferer gradually sinking. Father Gendreau administered the last rites of the church, and the Archbishop, who had left for the palace, returned and remained with the dying man till death ended his sufferings at 11.20 p.m. Louis Adolphe Olivier was the son of Mr. Eli Olivier, of Berthier, and was born in St. Joseph on March 10, 1850. The funeral took place from his brother's residence, 95 St. Andrew street, Ottawa, on Monday morning, the 14th inst., to the Basilica, and thence to Notre Dame Cemetery. A touching incident in connection with Judge Olivier's death is that he knew he was dying and repeatedly attempted to make his will. The Archbishop begged him not to continue his efforts, saying that he would carry out his instructions. The judge accepted this earnest assurance and made the simple declaration, "I leave

everything to my beloved wife." These were his last words.

EVENING CONCERTS IN THE GORE, HAMILTON.—The character of these entertainments, which have been the delight of thousands during the past Summer, is clearly set forth in our engraving. They are evidently popular in nature and purpose, and of the appreciation which they have won our illustration leaves no doubt. The Gore is one of the most interesting features of Hamilton, and is as familiar to the inhabitants of the western city as the Place d'Armes or the Champ de Mars is to Montrealers. We have already given pictures of it from different points of view.

THE DRY DOCK, ESQUIMAULT, B.C.—The engraving of this important structure, which will be found on another page may be considered a companion picture to that of the Halifax Dry Dock, of which we gave an illustration and particulars in our issue of October 19. By the terms of British Columbia's admission into the Dominion (July 20, 1871), it was provided, among other things, that the Federal Government should assist the Pacific Province in the construction of a graving dock at Esquimault, which was deemed necessary for Imperial, as well as Provincial purposes. The aid promised by the Dominion took the form, in the original agreement, of a guarantee for ten years of the interest at 5 per cent on a loan of £100,000, to be made to British Columbia for the purpose. This arrangement, however, fell through, and in November, 1873, a grant of \$250,000 was substituted for the guarantee. Some misunderstanding arose subsequently (on a change of ministry at Ottawa) as to the interpretation of the agreement and in 1874 an act was passed, the first section of which provided that, instead of the previous arrangements, advances should from time to time be made by the Governor-in-Council out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund for the construction of a first-class graving dock. Objections were made to this arrangement also, and the controversy was prolonged from year to year, until February, 1880, when, on the recommendation of the Finance Minister, an order-in-council was passed to the effect that the Dominion Government should pay out the \$250,000, as a substitute, not a loan, and that if the Provincial Government failed to complete the work, that of the Dominion should, on certain conditions, complete it. Meanwhile the Provincial Government had begun work and had spent a considerable sum of money on the dock. In the session of 1884, the task of completing it was assumed by the Dominion Government, and on the 8th of November in that year a contract was entered into with Messrs. Larkin, Connolly & Co., for that purpose, for the sum of \$374,559. In 1885 the sum of \$400,000 was voted in Parliament for the completion of the dock. A contract was also made for a wrought iron caisson (costing \$50,200), to be built into the dock. In 1886 a further sum of \$295,000 was voted, and the work was prosecuted in such a manner that the dock was ready for the reception of vessels before the close of the fiscal year. The total expenditure on the work was \$1,058,418.77, of which the sum of \$250,000 was, by the original agreement, refunded by the Imperial Government. The harbour of Esquimault, which is three miles from Victoria, is very capacious, about three miles by two in extent, and affords a safe and commodious anchorage for vessels of every size. The holding ground is said to be excellent, consisting of a tenacious blue clay. Esquimault has long been the headquarters of the British naval squadron in north Pacific waters. Before the dock was built, it contained a navy yard, a hospital and all other buildings necessary for the accommodation of the squadron. The graving dock, which is 400 feet long by 90 in breadth, is constructed on the model of the best works of the kind in our day. An elaborate report on it has been prepared by Mr. Bennett, resident engineer, Victoria.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, PLACE D'ARMES.—On page 269 of this issue we produce an illustration of the New York Life Insurance Company's building in Montreal. This beautiful and elegant structure is situated on the corner of Place d'Armes Square and St. James street, and fronts on the square. The style of architecture is designedly intended to comply with modern ideas, that of considering, first of all, the purpose for which the building is intended to be used, and an appropriate consideration of the exterior appearance and the interior requirements. It is undoubtedly the finest office building in the Dominion, and the magnificence of the workmanship and the material used far exceeds that of any other building in this country, and may be safely said to equal any building of its size in America. The erection of this building in Canada may be considered as a monument to the greatness of the New York Life Insurance Company, and is a fair comparison with its business, which has irresistibly grown up and stands over the business of its competitors as the building was erected and stands higher than the surrounding buildings. The New York Life resumed business in Canada in 1883, and since that date has not only outstripped all foreign companies in business done, but has deposited with the Canadian Government nearly one million dollars for Canadian policyholders, to which, when added the estimated value of the building, amounting to nearly \$750,000, makes the New York Life's investments in Canada at the present date nearly one and three-quarter millions of dollars, market value. The figures of its Canadian business, however, large as they are, seem miniature when compared with the enormous business done by the company throughout all its ramifications. By the 1st of January, 1890, its investments may be measured by one hundred millions of dollars, and insurance outstanding by nearly five hundred millions of

dollars, with a revenue from premiums and interest of nearly thirty millions of dollars. These figures convey to the mind some idea of the powerful management that brought this business together, a clear insight into the conditions of future business and trade in making safe and profitable investments, and a close observation and practical knowledge of human life in distinguishing good risks from bad ones. To simply glance at the company's business argues everything to be the first and the best.—*Com.*

THE LATE VERY REV. JOSEPH H. TABARET, D.D., O.M.I.—The face of the distinguished subject of this engraving is familiar to many of our readers. Not a few of our most able and useful public and professional men were trained under his auspices. The little college of Bytown grew, under his fostering care, into the great University of Ottawa, known to-day all over the continent for the completeness of its equipment, the thoroughness of its academic and the soundness of its moral training. Father Tabaret was born in the Department of L'Isère, France, on the 10th of April, 1828. His religious and missionary training began in the novitiate of Notre Dame de l'Osier, and was completed in the scholastic house of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Marseilles. In the autumn of 1850, he came to Canada, where, after two years' missionary labour, he was placed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Guigues, at the head of the Ottawa College. That responsible position he held with the exception of two years—1866-1867—during which he exercised the functions of Provincial, until the time of his too early demise in 1886. In February, 1854, he was nominated by His Excellency, the administrator of Government, to be a member of the Senate of the University of Toronto. Some years later he was chosen and appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Ottawa. Under his able management, Dr. Tabaret saw the college gradually improve. From being a mere incorporated institution it was endowed by an Act of Parliament with University powers. This charter was afterwards extended. Before his death he had the consolation of seeing the college hold a foremost place amongst the educational institutions of the Dominion. The new programme of studies which he introduced in 1874, and the inauguration of the University method of teaching were very successful. "In 1879," says the *Owl* (the organ of the students), to which we are indebted for these particulars, "the Right Rev. Jos. Th. Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, an alumnus of the college, submitted the programme of studies to the Holy Father, Leo XIII., who approved of it, blessed it, and as a mark of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the cause of education by the President of the College, conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity. Although chosen both by the religious and the civil authorities, to hold exalted positions, he was the humblest of men, never speaking of his merits, and never so happy as when he could cause the good qualities of others to shine. This modesty enhanced his other sterling virtues. To say that he was universally beloved during his life, and universally regretted after his death, by those who knew him, is but a cold repetition of what is daily said of our good Father Tabaret."

THE TABARET MEMORIAL.—We present our readers with an engraving of the memorial to Father Tabaret, whose portrait is also given in this number. The statue is of bronze, on a granite pedestal, and represents the late Father Tabaret standing in a preaching attitude, with a book in one hand. At the base of the monument were three handsome wreaths from the alumni. The following inscription is cut on the pedestal:

J. H. TABARET
Patriet Fundatori
Alumni
Universitatis Ottawensis
MDCCCLXXXIX.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

I.

Almighty God! at Thy creative will
The universe awoke as from a sleep;
Out of the womb of darkness light did leap
To stir the elements that lay dead-still,
Loose in the lap of chaos; with a thrill
The primal sunrise moved the mighty deep,
And in the evening stars began to peep
Out of the trackless dark the sky to fill.
Look down, O Lord, and let the awful light
Of Thy great countenance fill all the earth,
Resting on those whom sad imperfect birth
Has left in darkness of perpetual night,
That, since the light of day is now denied,
Their souls may see Thee and be satisfied.

II.

Lo! at the corner of the street he stands,
The pitiable jest of passers-by,
Who watch the senseless rolling of his eye
And the strange movement of his awkward hands,
As from the time-worn violin expands
The fitful melody and with a sigh
His nervous mouth is twitching tremblingly;
We, pitying, pause to look in silent bands,
Yet see not how on far-off golden strands
His spirit wanders in sweet poetry;
But though in vain we, listening, may try
To catch his meaning, God well understands,
And some day he will move among a throng
Led by old Milton, earth's blind king of song.

SAREPTA.



Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into eighty-three distinct languages.

"The Tree of Knowledge," by G. M. Robins, has just been issued from the press of John Lovell & Son, Montreal.

"A Dash of Bitter," by Deane Hilton, a temperance story, is said to be fresh in style, and well worked out as to plot.

We have received a number of tales of merit which we shall be happy to publish in future numbers. Not one of them is forgotten.

Canadians will be proud to know that Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" has been given a cordial reception in England.

William Black is a careful student of nature, he loves the Highlands and the people, and rarely writes a novel without introducing them.

We have a notice prepared of Mr. Girouard's delightful and instructive booklet on "Old Lachine," which will appear in our next number.

Walter Besant's first book was published just twenty years ago. It was called "Studies in Early French Poetry," and proved successful.

Le Drapeau and *La Revue de Quebec* are among the latest additions in this province to the periodical ventures that have been started in Canada.

Mr. J. M. Lemoine, the author of "Maple Leaves," "Picturesque Quebec," etc., has been writing on an average one book a year for thirty years.

Robert Louis Stevenson will remain another year in the South Seas, as he is not strong enough to return to his South of England home at Bournemouth.

Tschernischewski, the too outspoken Russian novelist, who was sentenced to twenty-five years' service in the Siberian mines, has been pardoned by the Czar.

Readers of the "Pansy" series will welcome two volumes in a new edition, tastefully bound and illustrated. These are "Ruth Erskine's Crosses" and "Esther Ried."

A collection of articles relating to the politico literary quarrel about the "Emin Pasha Expedition" will shortly be published by the Secretary of the "Emin Pasha Committee."

Quiet Hours, a Maine monthly illustrated magazine, came to us lately with a portrait and biographical sketch of our much prized contributor, Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, of which more anon.

F. C. Burnand, the present editor of *Punch*, was in early life a member of a Catholic ecclesiastical establishment at Bayswater, near London. His intention was to become a priest, and he was even admitted to tonsure and minor orders.

Mr. Phileas Gagnon continues to instruct and delight historical and antiquarian students in the pages of *l'Union Libérale*. We have the substance of several important contributions from his pen ready for an early number of the DOMINION.

In view of the visit of H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor to India this winter, Messrs. Cassell & Co. are issuing a new serial edition of their "Illustrated History of India," with the first part of which a large portrait of Prince Albert Victor will be given.

Dr. Bourinot's lectures on "Federal Government in Canada," which have been published in the Johns Hopkins series of University Studies in Historical and Political Science, may be had by application to Mr. N. Murray, the publication agent of the University, Baltimore, Maryland. Every student of Canadian history should have a copy.

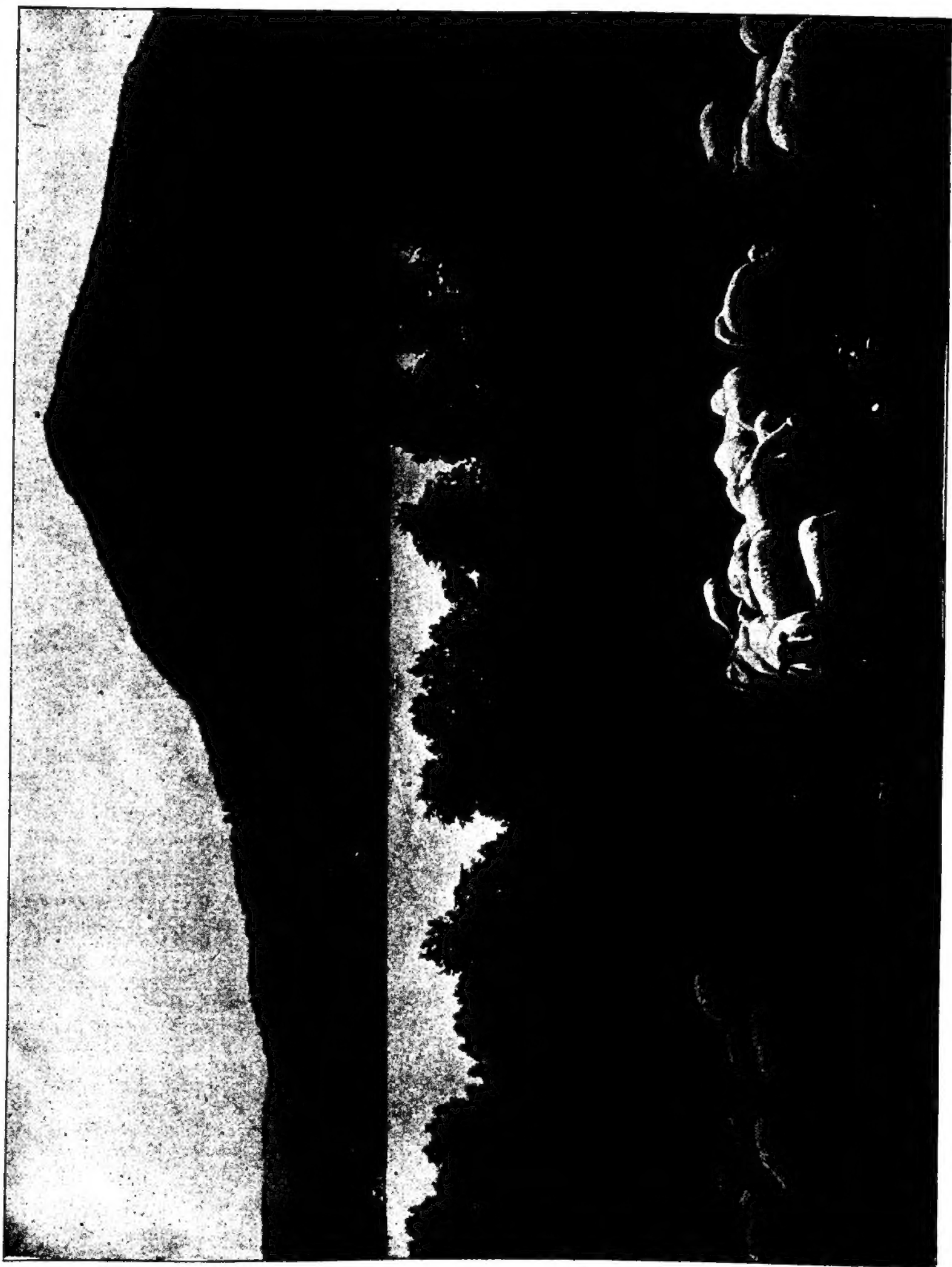
The *Canadian Bibliographer and Library Record*, to be published in Hamilton, by a company, with Mr. A. B. McNair as secretary, and Mr. R. I. Lancefield as editor, is to serve as a medium of communication between those interested in the production and sale of books, and book-buyers with special reference to Canadian books. Mr. Gerald E. Hart, author of "The Fall of New France," and Dr. George Stewart are contributors to the opening number.

The Rev. Silas Rand, whose death some time ago was universally regretted, was in his character, career and attainments, one of the most remarkable Canadians of our day. He was, as our readers are aware, a missionary to the Mic-Mac Indians. He became by study the master of eight European languages, in addition to English, and three Indian tongues. That he was a fine Latin scholar is apparent from the fact that a translation he made of the hymn "Rock of Ages" elicited from Mr. Gladstone a letter of commendation, in the course of which the great statesman declared that Dr. Rand's translation was better than his own. The doctor's knowledge of Indian was put to a good use, for he translated the Scriptures into Mic-Mac and wrote a Mic-Mac dictionary. In the course of his life Dr. Rand collected all the legends accepted by the Mic-Mac Indians, among them the weird story of Glooscap, an Indian myth of the Hiawatha family. Many of the results of his labours appear in Leland's "Algonquin Legends of New England." Dr. Rand was the son of Sir Charles Tupper's father's sister, and was thus Sir Charles' first cousin.



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG AND LONG ISLAND, FROM GLEN BROOK.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, FROM GLEN BROOK.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

"You see, William," she was saying, "that the present effort is by no means intended to do away with British authority, it is merely an endeavour on our part to overthrow a corrupt and unscrupulous ministry. This done, the leaders will petition the British Parliament to audit the proceedings of the men now in power in this province, and when once the British Crown and Parliament have their eyes opened, things will be remedied, a different administration will be sent out, and all our grievances will be redressed. Such a consummation is surely worth an effort. Rebellion is not contemplated at all; that accursed name will never be applied to the deeds of the heroes who emancipate their country from the chains which bind it. You, William, with your clear intellect and able judgment, must surely see that my brother and those who are with him have no other object than the redemption of their country, and will certainly join them, will you not?"

As she uttered these words she bent forward and placed her soft hand on his arm, and her breath fanned his cheek. It was a sore strait; his breathing came thick and fast; his face was partly turned from her, yet Emily Howis could not fail to read the conflict between principle and passion in the man's soul, and even then she was not sure of him. Rising, she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and bending her head until her raven locks mingled with his and her soft cheek nearly touched his, she said in a whisper of deepest tenderness: "Surely, dear William, I do not ask too much! Can you not sacrifice something for my sake?"

What was the result of the struggle in the man's breast? The same as it has been in nine cases out of ten since Adam, where man is the tempted and woman the tempter. Yielding against his own principles, against his own judgment, William Hewit replied, as he turned his eyes to meet those of the woman he loved:

"Dearest, I am one of you, come what may! Even though I know that my decision may cast me out of my family, ever noted for its loyalty and attachment to the Crown of Britain; though the finger of scorn will be pointed at me by my warmest friends; yes, though it end in a rebel's cell and a traitor's doom, I am one of you; for all this could I suffer for your dear sake." And as he spoke he passed his arm around her waist, and imprinted on her cheek a burning kiss. "And now," he continued, "give me the roll."

Hastily unfolding before him a document that she took from a locked drawer, Emily handed him a pen, saying:

"My dear William, you have made me very happy; now I shall feel that our noble cause has found a champion of no mean order. I shall make James glad, too, when I show him your name added to the long list of his coadjutors, and fear not but he will give you the most honoured place at his command."

Signing his name to the fatal roll which, as he glanced over it, he saw had received names that in some instances surprised him, and in others disgusted him. William Hewit, with trembling hand, pushed the document from him, and took a chair nearer to the fire, remaining for some moments silent. But Emily Howis was too astute to allow him time for the regret that she could not help observing was already following her lover's rash action, and she set herself to banish painful thoughts, by painting in glowing colours all the successes, honours and emoluments that would accrue to the "Patriots" if they were only true to themselves, their country and the principles of liberty professed. Not once did the foul word "Rebellion" pass her lips, but "Freedom," "Patriotism," "Glory," rung in every sentence. Nevertheless William was restless, and pleading fatigue, he took a tender leave of his beloved, and started home across the fields.

The beauty of the night was unnoticed by him. He regarded nothing. The sparkling frost beneath his feet, the cloudless sky, the brilliant stars, were alike unobserved. He walked at a furious pace,

springing over fences, leaping creeks, pushing through groves until he reached his own house, where, entering the kitchen he found a man he employed on the farm seated by a roaring fire, wrapped in slumber. Giving him a rough shake he roused the man from his sleep, saying:

"Come, Brown, it is bed-time. Why are you not turned in?"

But the man was not accustomed either to such words or tones from Mr. Hewit, and he replied sharply:

"I'm at liberty, as another man, to go to bed when I choose, I suppose."

"Yes, yes; never mind me," replied his master. "I'm sorry I kept you up so late, Brown."

Somewhat mollified by the apology, and perceiving that something was wrong, Brown went to bed and William was left alone.

For some time he paced the room like a caged lion, the perspiration pouring from his face like rain. At length he threw himself into a chair and remained lost in thought until, with a sudden start, he brought down his clenched hand with fearful violence upon the table exclaiming:

"Yes: I see it all—have seen it from the first, and yet, fool that I was, had not strength enough to free myself. Emily is sincere; she thinks that this outbreak is not directed against British authority, but I know better, and I have pledged myself to raise my arm against that which my fathers would have shed their last drop of blood to maintain. And Henry, too! Will he stand idly by when the time for action arrives? No, I know he will not. Brother will be arrayed against brother. O, my poor mother!" And the unhappy man's head sank upon the table, while choking sobs shook his frame.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Scarcely had William Hewit left Emily Howis than she heard her brother's horse come into the yard, and soon after Howis entered the room. He had neglected to wash or arrange his dress since his encounter with Frank Arnley, but his sister was used to similar evidences of her brother's violent temper. Therefore she greeted him without surprise, only remarking:

"Why James, what is wrong to-night? You look as though you had been holding a rough meeting; a pair of black eyes, too! You are resolved to keep your hand in practice."

"Get some water for me and some supper," was her brother's polite response.

"O, Jim, you need not be so cross with me because some one has vexed you; I have good news."

"What is it?" asked Howis, carelessly.

"A new brother, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Whom?" inquired Howis—this time with evident interest.

"A very particular friend of mine," replied his sister; "one to whom you must give preferment when the good time comes."

"You are profuse. Can you not tell me whom you have enlisted without all that preamble?" said Howis impatiently.

"Why, William Hewit, to be sure!" cried his sister.

"Good! good! Emily; very good. You deserve to be made General of the Patriots. That certainly is a set-off against my rascally meeting with Arnley. Have you seen Bertram to-day?"

"Yes, but he left before Hewit came in. I did not try to gain him."

"You need not," said her brother. "He is an unprincipled man, and, though a captain in the militia, will join us the moment we are in the ascendant, but if anything should go wrong with us I have hold enough upon him to force him to assist in making our cause good with the Government. The case is very different with him and with Hewit, who, if he be not with us, will certainly be against us. Do not give him time to repent, and above all things, keep him away from his mother. I will give him something to do for the cause at a distance as soon as I can. In the meantime I shall have to be away from home for a few days, for if Arnley's uncle hears about the thrashing I

gave him to-night he can make it awkward for me, and for the Patriots, too, in that case. I will leave a note for Hewit that will put this misadventure in a less mischievous light than it may appear to him if others peach."

"O, Arnley won't cry out for a few rough blows, Jim, he is no coward, so don't stay away long."

"Not a moment longer than necessary, you may be sure." Saying which, like the bear he was, Howis retired without even a word of adieu to the sister he had involved in his sinister projects.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN STRATISS.

Two days have passed since the events narrated in the foregoing chapters and we once more follow on the track of Howis.

Thirty miles away from the scene of his attack on Frank Arnley, we find him enjoying the seclusion of a country tavern. The late November afternoon is dark and rainy. A typical autumn storm is raging, when the winds moan and shriek among the trees, and drive the cold rain and sleet into the face of the bewildered traveller, and soak his garments through and through. At such a time a snug seat by a blazing hearth, with a newspaper or a pleasant companion, seem the very epitome of comfort; and such comfort Howis was apparently enjoying,—as with newspaper in hand, chair tilted at an easy angle, and a pleasant light from a glowing fire surrounding him, he strove to pass the time away. But his natural restlessness prevented Howis from enjoying himself under these or any other circumstances. Rising, he went to the window; but the prospect there was so unsatisfactory that, muttering a malediction, he was about to seek the bar-room whence issued those loud tones of laughter and rough voices common to such resorts on such a day, when he was stopped short by the entrance into his parlour of a short, round-built man, of decidedly military bearing, from whose great-coat the rain dropped in torrents.

"Heigho, Stratiss! Is that you, old fellow?" he cried, advancing to meet the newcomer. "You are not afraid of the weather at any rate."

"Nor were you either, I thought, Howis, until I heard that you had been weather-bound in such a hole as this for no less than two days," replied the visitor. "What does it mean?"

"O come in and get your clothes dry and warm yourself, then I will tell you," said Howis, placing a chair.

"I hope it doesn't mean any mischief," remarked the newcomer. "I thought one so interested as yourself would have ridden through wet and dry, mud and mire, to serve the cause, instead of wasting two whole days at such a crisis in fire-side seclusion."

"Never fear for me, Captain. When the eagle ceases to swoop upon his prey, and the wild-cat loses his taste for blood, it will be time to talk to James Howis about lukewarmness. There is no danger of my drawing back now from that which I wish was already commenced. An unlucky encounter forced me to a short seclusion; but the danger is over, and I am ready to take the field to-morrow if the occasion serves."

"That is well said, Howis; but all are not as prompt as you are. I wish they were!" replied Stratiss. "I hear that things are being held back at the very moment all should be let go."

"There is danger in such delay," cried Howis. "Cannot our leaders understand that when so many are associated in a secret cause all have to be trusted; and yet there may be—nay, are sure to be—spies and traitors among them. How many we cannot tell."

"Of spies we know not, certainly," replied Stratiss, with sarcasm. "Of traitors, every one, of that we are sure."

"I mean among ourselves," said Howis impatiently. "We know what the world will call us full well. But he who deviates from his sworn course for that or any other reason is a double-dyed villain, and shall have short shrift if I know it. But enough of this! How did you find our friends in the East?"

To be continued.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.

On a lovely July morning the South Eastern train lay in waiting at the Windsor station, Montreal. Passengers were leisurely entering the carriages to relieve themselves of the innumerable paraphernalia with which it has become fashionable to encumber the minds and persons of ourselves and our neighbours on a journey. Affectionate good-byes were being transacted on the platform, and the conductor, resplendent in railway blue and gold, stood on the step of the parlour car "Memphremagog," laboriously twirling a moustache, the manipulation of which supplied an important element in his day's occupation. As the fingers of the new clock crept round to 9 a.m. the engine hissed and snorted, and quietly and gracefully we glided out of what, if it was ever seriously intended to form the handsomest station in the Dominion, provides one more proof of the evanescent nature of the hopes of man—the certainty of uncertainty. Skirting the foot of the Mountain, with the orchards and gardens of capital to the north and the yards and washing days of labour to the south, the line sweeps round to its bridge at Lachine. To the west—Dorval Island makes a charming foreground to the spire of the picturesque church at Pointe Claire, and away in the distance, softened in the morning haze, lie Ste. Anne's, Isle Perrot and Beauharnois. To the east—Victoria Bridge announces and asserts its everlasting rivalry, and nobles of blue and grey hills testify their majestic contempt for the girders and the mathematics of art. The current boils below, the river, with its brown Ottawa and its blue St. Lawrence, as distinctly two as it is distinctly one, reading the nation a lesson on grave questions of the day.

A last look at the panorama brings us past Caughnawaga with its aspirations towards self-government, its parish priest and Iroquois hymns, its retrospect of wigwams and the chase, and its prospect of farms and industrial exhibitions. The country beyond is one long stretch of uninteresting semi-cultivated settlements, with, however, a peaceful and contented peasantry, undisturbed by the restless ambition of our modern civilization. Hay lay in ricks, like a colony of bee-hives, waiting for the sunshine which would not come, and the pools and streams were muddy and swollen with the rain which would not go. Till we came to the hills—a few dainty children in neat little dust-cloaks amused themselves with their grandmother, a picturesque old lady who could not keep herself awake; denizens of the dusty interior, bound for the sea, fanned themselves in anticipation; a good-natured old bachelor spent a half hour in deciphering the ingenuity of the punches on his parlour car ticket; and the conductor yawned alternately over vagrant newspapers and his unfailing moustache. At length an unmistakeable effort on the part of the engine told us we were leaving the flat country, and winding and panting we rose higher and higher. With the mountain air came Yankee Customs officials, eagle dollars, and discussions of annexation, until at last one exaggerated curve rocked us in our chairs, and hills looked in upon us on every side. One after another, on they came, until, with one final gallop, we broke their ranks, burst right in amongst them, and halted for a breath at Newport.

(Newport is a pretty little town, with a few good shops, and an air of quiet Yankee thrive about it. From the train we stepped on to the very garden of the Memphremagog Hotel—a large, bright, verandah-surrounded house, commanding a magnificent sweep of the Lake. Dinner, music, accommodation, attendance, terms, stables, etc.)

The Lady of the Lake lay steaming at the wharf with tempting inducements; but, like children with only a few very delicious sweets, we marshalled our enjoyments with logical sagacity, and dealt them out with provident precision. So, reserving the lake as a tit-bit, we sharpened our appetite for it by taking the road at Newport and driving, under the most charming of escorts, through the mountains, and within peeping distance of the water. The route brought us back again over the boundary line to a part of the Townships, which might well

be called the Switzerland of the Dominion. Upon roads which made driving a pleasure instead of a punishment, skirted with soft grass and wild daisies, and hedged with trees and shrubs; breathing an air scented, as that of the heather hills, with life and health; with coquettish glimpses of mountains and valleys appearing and disappearing to re-appear in greater beauty than before; amid wood and meadow, placid streams and rushing brooks; acres of russet hay waving in the wind amongst rolling fields of grain still green; snug, well-fed farm houses, herds of cattle, pedigreed stock, creameries with huge vats of sweet cream, gardens of flowers and vegetables; orchards which made us realize the force of Mother Eve's temptation; and lakelets which seemed content to shine and sparkle unseen and unnamed, we arrived at Stanstead as the sun was about to set.

Few things are too much to expect of Canadian hospitality. It is the "child of the soil" which has endeared to us our life in Canada through many of our exile moments. Though armed with but a traditional acquaintance as an introduction to the neighbourhood, a welcome as royal as the surroundings awaited us from refined and delightful people, whom it was an education to meet, and a deep regret to know for so brief a period. Kindness knew neither line nor limit, and a day or two sufficed to make us at home with the country. Drives through the woods and along the hills; music on verandahs by the light of myriads of stars; visits to farms with all modern systems and appliances, one of which had recently sold half a dozen horses at \$25,000 each; jaunty little trips on a railway which appeared to depart and arrive at our convenience; a picnic to a camp cottage on the edge of a lake—with fishing, shooting, sandwiches, cakes, coffee and cream, such as only Canadians can supply; and talks, brilliant with culture, by the way, throwing an interest around the commonplace, made up a visit as sweet as it was short, and as delicious in memory as it was in realization.

The boundary, the celebrated 45, runs through the centre of a house, the exact spot being marked by a red post, and such names as Derby Line and Lineburgh indicate their own etymology. But the red post was by no means an obtrusive feature in the landscape. Indeed so silently and gradually does it appear to recede from public recognition, that we were tempted into the hope that all other dividing lines between the two nations would speedily follow its desirable example. The neighbourhood is one of no small classic interest. President Adams, of Cornell, was born among the hills, and to them our own literature owes the names of Gibbs and Margaret Robertson; whilst the story goes that the late Allen Thorndyke Rice, of the *North American Review*, spent his childhood here, where, in circumstances for which the youthful genius was in no sense responsible, he was brought and kept in petticoats, until his propensity for fence-climbing and other unmaidenly exercises rendered it necessary to renounce either the fun or the incognito. Their Excellencies Lords Dufferin and Landsdowne, with their suites, both paid visits to the district; and were most luxuriously entertained by Charles Carroll Colby, Esq., M.P., of Carroll Croft. The Ladies' College, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Church, is doing a magnificent work in the country, and is now taking steps for affiliation to McGill University.

But the mountains! There they stood, range after range rolling into the distance, in purple and grey perspective. With envious impatience we set out on the little rattling railway, and, with lunch baskets and guitars, found our way on board the Lady of the Lake. At one o'clock the Lady leaves Newport and returns about seven in the evening, having traversed the entire length of the lake, stopping everywhere, even at private wharfs when she is signalled. With great good nature she rounded the points and skirted the bays, to her as familiar as the sky above her, but to us fraught at every turn with delightful surprises. Here mountains rose precipitously from the water's edge, reflecting their timber on the bosom of the lake; there cosy farm houses nestled among green fields sloping gently to the shore. Here the water was

as a mirror with the shadow of the steamer

"Floating double, ship and shadow!"

There a gentle breeze ruffled its surface and sent the wavelets rippling against her bow. Here a pleasure yacht lay idly at her moorings; there a horse ferry-boat crossed with its burden of traffic. In front of us islands chased each other out of our path; behind waterfowl played in our trail; and everywhere the great Owl's Head, 2,500 feet above us, watched us with paternal constancy, now smiling in sunshine, now frowning in shade.

We swung round a beautifully wooded island and touched at a wharf with boat-houses, yachts, and swimming-baths, to fill the heart of many with envy. Gravel paths and drives wandered up and down, in and out, leading to the summit, which was crowned by a large summer residence. Men and boys strolled about and lounged in shady nooks. It is an island of men. Neither "Sweet Seventeen" nor "Shady Forty" ever set foot, 'tis said, on its tempting soil. For reasons which dame rumour is still trying to decide, the owner has vowed a vow. He came on board—a modest, meek-eyed man, of unassuming garb and unpretending ways. No one would believe it of him. Then came Mountain House, majestic and solitary, and further the residences of Montreal merchants—Allan, Molson, Murray, Baggs, Penny, Ritchie—with, last of all, Georgeville and Magog,—

"In which it seemeth always afternoon."

A prophet has no honour in his own country, and our own scenery is despised on account of its being our own. By steamboat and rail we ply to the uttermost ends of the continent—of the globe, in search of we-know-not-what; while at our very door lie unvisited and unappreciated beauty, variety, grandeur and invigoration. If the connections between Montreal and our Townships were arranged so that our people could have a run through the hills and a trip on the lake to return in the evening, much might be done to bring us under the influence of our mountain scenery—the influence which tends to rise above what is petty in aim and in life, and to stimulate to what is highest and noblest.

CANADIAN HOSPITALITY.—Jessie M. E. Saxby, in describing her recent Canadian trip in the *St. James' Church Magazine* of Edinburgh, says:—"There is a kind of hearty yet high-bred hospitality among Canadians that is very pleasant to their guests. They don't prepare specially for you, nor invite people 'to meet you' (how I hate that expression for what it implies) of a set purpose; but they bid you come and they welcome you cordially, and they let you share their family life: or if there is any one you particularly want to see they 'have him up' at once, and they make you feel—down to the toes of your boots and right away to the ends of the feathers in your bonnet—that they are very glad you came to see them; that they like you very much, and wish you would stay with them eternally. You are sure you have not put them about by your visit; on the contrary, that somehow you have conferred a real pleasure on them. You expect they will get over the parting from you some time, though you are convinced that they mean to be your friends all through. If that isn't first-class hospitality I do not know what is."

THREE EPITAPHS FROM THE FRENCH.

1.—DE REGNIER.
(*De Regnier*—1613.)

Thoughtless and heedless here below,
My life has passed its even flow;
And now when light grows dim,
I greatly am surprised that He,
Grim Death should deign to think of me,
Who never thought of him!

2.—CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
(*Benvenuto*—1642.)

Here lies, here lies, a lack! 'tis true!
The Cardinal de Richelieu.
But that, pardy! which pains me most,
Is, that with him, my pension's lost!

3.—A CENTENARIAN.
(*Malherbe*—16—.)

Expect not, passer-by, from me,
An epitaphic history,
Descanting on a well-spent life;
Self-praise begets but envious strife;
Believe for me the fittest praise,
That Death was loth to end my days.

ROBT. STANLEY WEIR.



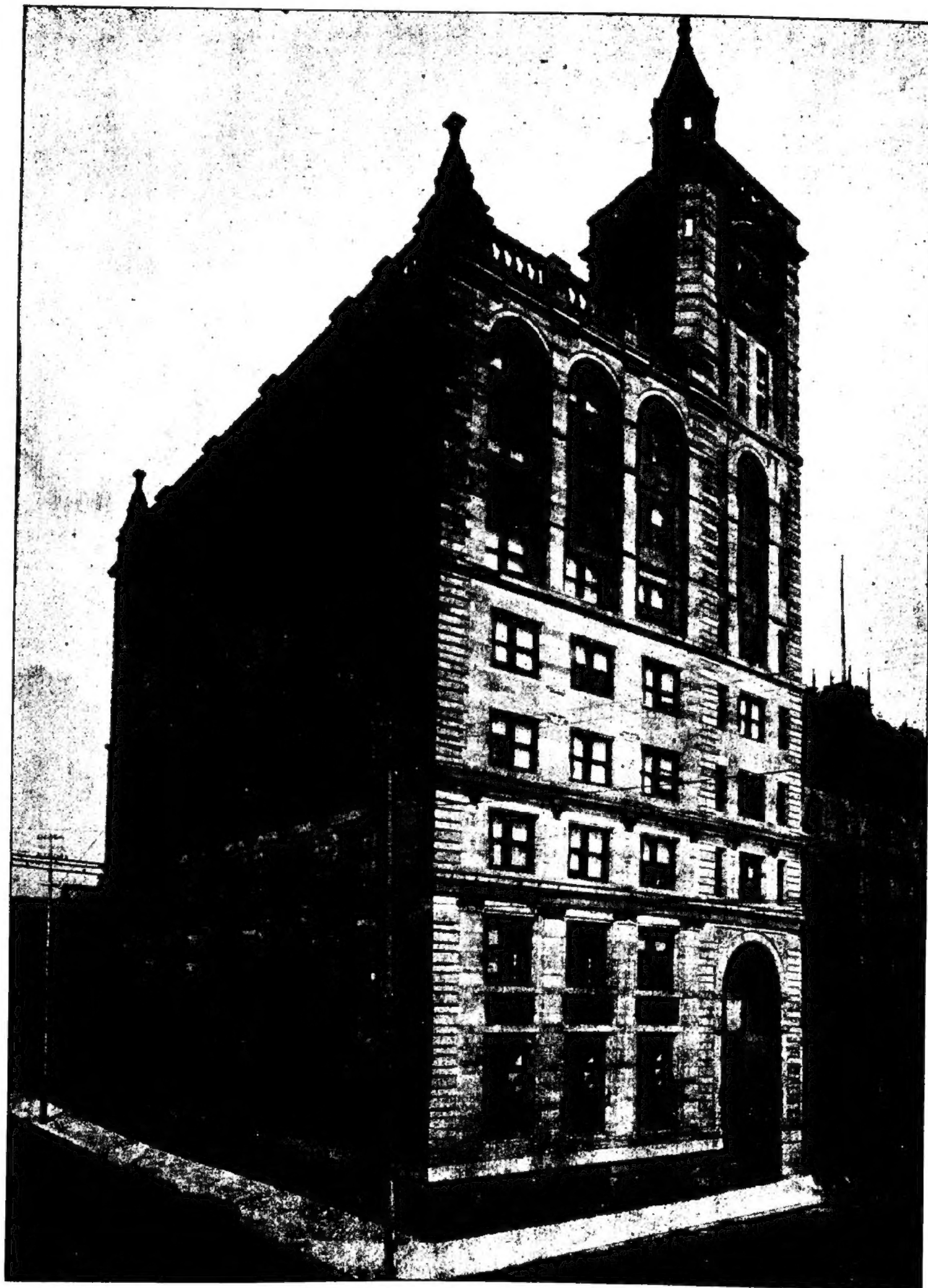
SUMMER EVENING CONCERTS IN THE GORE, HAMILTON.

From a drawing by A. H. H. Heming.



THE DRY DOCK, ESQUIMALT, B.C.

MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS.



THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, PLACE D'ARMES.

Parks, photo.



OUR BOYS.

Have you ever thought, mothers, of the grave responsibilities that rest with you in the bringing up of your boys, even more so than the girls, for they will never have the same temptations to contend with as our boys have? And yet, how often one sees in a family of boys and girls that all the care and education are lavished upon the girls—nothing too rich or costly for them; while the boys are sent to cheaper schools and receive but scant attention to their deportment and morals.

Come and take a look into this pretty room. Is it not a marvel of daintiness and comfort? This room belongs to a sister of one of our boys. Now, come and look into the boy's room by way of contrast! Just like a boy's room you say—everything in confusion: boots thrown carelessly into one corner, half the handles off the bureau, the contents of the drawers in hopeless confusion—ties, fishing-tackle, collars, etc., all jumbled together—and a general air of discomfort pervading the room. Are our boys, then, incapable of appreciating beautiful things? Are they devoid of this fine feeling which makes a girl surround herself with what is pretty and tasteful? No, decidedly no. But they have for so long been accustomed to the cry of, "Oh, that will do for the boys, they are not particular!" that they have come to think that the pretty, dainty things, are only for girls, and, as no inducement is offered to them to keep their room pleasant, they fall into careless habits. You say, mothers, that that is not the way you treat your boys, and you are indignant at the very idea; and yet the fact remains, that in a great many families this state of things prevails.

An instance of this comes to my mind as I write, and in a family which prided itself on its culture and refinement. When I suggested to the mother that Tom's room looked very bleak and dreary compared with his sister's, she seemed surprised as she answered: "Why, Tom is only a boy; he would not care for such things, and besides, he is so very careless, that if I did arrange his room nicely, he would only spoil it." Tom was a fine, manly boy of fifteen—a boy whom you instinctively liked at first sight. With his frank, unaffected manners, and bright, genial temper, he was a universal favourite with both old and young. Of late he had got into the way of spending most of his evenings out. I did not wonder at this, for there was nothing to attract the boy to stay at home. The rest of the family passed the evening reading newspapers or books without one thought of making home pleasant for him. Naturally sociable, he found his evenings at home very dull. If he did happen to begin a conversation, he was told to keep quiet and not disturb them in their reading. So thinking of these things, I said to my friend: "You have never really tried Tom. I am sure if he found his room made pleasant for him, he would appreciate it. Do you not see that by your careless indifference you are causing your boy to seek his company anywhere rather than at home?" "Yes," she said, "I have noticed that Tom is beginning to spend most of his evenings away from home, and I am troubled about it; but what am I to do. When boys get to that age it is hard to keep them with us." "Suppose," I said, "you help to make his evenings pleasant—talk to him, read to him, do anything that will interest him, and then see if he will seek his pleasures elsewhere." She did so, and her trouble was amply repaid by Tom's hearty appreciation of all that was done for him.

It rests with you, mothers, to see that your boy is kept from the streets and bad companions by making every effort to have home pleasant and attractive for him. Do this and you will never have to complain of his seeking his company elsewhere, and, above all, let him see that you take an interest in all his plans and boyish pastimes. Never turn him away when he comes to you full of eagerness to unfold some new project. Better far to suffer inconvenience than rebuke your boy for bothering you, and so make him feel that his interests and plans find no favours in your sight. Encourage him to confide in you; make him feel that his mother is his best and truest friend. Strive to rouse noble thoughts and aims in his life. Teach him to be true to his convictions, to shun that which is low and coarse, and in matters of conscience, to allow no one to come between him and that God who is above all. Then they should be taught to show true gentlemanliness of demeanour to their sisters. I say true, for there is too much of this put-on chivalrous manner, which seems to say, "Look at me! I am not very polite?" and which can always be distinguished from that which comes natural to well-brought up boys. If this manner towards their sisters is impressed upon them, it will naturally extend itself to all women.

The author of "John Halifax" says that in a family she knew of, where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law: Girls first, not in any authority, but first to be thought of in protection and tenderness, the boys grew up true gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech, and kind of heart.

MORDUE.

DARWIN AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

"I was fossil hunting the other day," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "in a chalk pit near Keston, when a thunderstorm forced me to take shelter in a shed, when I had an interesting conversation with two old workmen. 'Do you find many fossils here?' I asked. 'Yes, sometimes we git one or two, then we maybe find a lot more of the same sort near it. Gentlemen comes along about every two days and picks 'em over. I found some shark's teeth once. Mr.—, at Bromley, said they was mammon's (!) teeth, but I took 'em to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Darwin and they both said they were shark's as soon as they saw 'em. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Darwin?' 'Yes, I have heard of him. Did the people round here often take things to him?' 'Sometimes, when they wanted to know what anything was. He could always tell 'em. Master Frank will now if you go to him; he's very clever.' 'I once took a effet (eft) to Sir John,' chimed in his comrade. 'I killed it up yonder by the barn. Bob saw it first, but he was frightened. He'd been boozing for a week, and would 'a been scared at anything, it was about that length, (about a foot,) and Mr.—telled me to tek it straight down to Sir John, it hed such eyes. I went into Sir John's room—he was at home—but he couldn't tell me what it was. 'Wait a bit here,' he said, 'and I'll look at my books.' So he went out for about a quarter of an hour. His room was full of all sorts of things—lizards, toads, vipers, and nearly everything. When he came back he told me what it was and gave me half a sovereign. 'That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot.' 'Which Sir John was that?' 'That was old Sir John. I took a pair of live effets once down to young Sir John. Sir John as is; the one as knows a lot about ants.'"

THE SCHOLAR IN AMERICA.

In his judgment of the scholar, this average American citizen has usually only one definite idea,—that he is a dreauner, quite out of contact with actual life. Consider for a moment the genuine amazement and dismay with which the average citizen regards a serious attempt on the part of educated men to exert their due influence in the solution of a great political or economic problem. He seems to look upon them somewhat as he might watch a group of monkeys escaped from their cage, and engaged in some mischief, the effects of which they cannot be made to comprehend; or, to substitute a simile somewhat more complimentary, that a throng of excited passengers had attempted to dictate the management of a great ocean steamer.

Of course no such view of scholarly activity in the political field will be submitted to. The men who devote their lives to the study of the records of human experience as transmitted in history and literature have not less, but infinitely more, claim to be heard on any important subject than those engaged only in the vulgar scramble for wealth. Emerson's brief essay on Politics outweighs, and will outlast, all the floods of campaign literature and selfish demagogic eloquence which have so often since then deluged the land.

But is there one of the older civilized countries where the organs of the horde of money-getters would dare to stigmatize the whole class of liberally educated men as visionary theorists? Imagine a university education regarded in England as a disqualification for high public office! Even in Germany, where political leaders and great scholars seem more nearly the representative men of two distinct castes, the illustrious double career of a Mommsen shows that the gap is not yet impassable. The condition of things among ourselves is an alarming symptom, indicating how far the most highly educated and wisest men have lost their proper leadership in the national councils and the national life.

Now, do the colleges, and limited body of cultivated, reflective, and earnest scholars generally, appeal as directly and sensibly to the average Americans as they could and should? Among the philosophic few it is an axiom which one rarely thinks of even stating, that wider knowledge, closer

contact with the wise and good of all ages, the assimilation of their best thoughts, the contemplation of their glorious deeds, are the employments which ennoble young and old, and make men truly happy.

But the typical American, as Professor Shaler has very clearly set forth in a recent essay, is only dimly conscious that he ever even had any ancestry at all. That the achievements of other races and peoples in the past or present have any lessons of overwhelming value to teach us, he certainly does not believe. That the poetry, the philosophy, the architecture, the plastic arts, can be used to make life more beautiful, more happy, better worth living, he understands at best very imperfectly. Perhaps he is open to conviction. Is a proper effort being exerted to make him realize all this? American men read to a moderate extent. The women of America have large leisure, a liberal share of influence in home and social life, and surely also a lofty consciousness of their duty as mothers of the race that is to be. To them, it may be chiefly, we may hopefully appeal.

Again, there is a widespread feeling that American literature is not holding the height attained in the last generation. The subject is quite too large for a reviewer, possibly rather too serious for a professed optimist. But if our literature is losing, or in danger of losing, its vital power, its hold on the national life, may we not find a partial explanation in the fact that a great body of men, claiming, no doubt justly, that they have accumulated knowledge worthy to be widely disseminated, nevertheless disdain to learn and practice the art of adequate and graceful expression?—*Atlantic Monthly*.

HERE AND THERE.

Fifty coloured men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

American photographers have paid to certain actresses for the sole privilege of taking and selling their pictures the following sums: Bernhardt \$1500, Langtry \$1000, Potter \$1000, Russel, Urquhart, Rice and Hall \$500 each.

A FOUR-FOOTED GHOST.—In a certain rectory within forty miles of the city of New York stood an old-fashioned candlestick surrounded by prisms of glass which were pendant from the top. On several occasions the family were awakened by the ringing of these in the night, the effect of which was to terrify the servants and all the inmates of the house, except the wife of the rector, who determined to solve the mystery. For a long time the sounds were not produced except in total darkness; but, by gradually introducing the practice of burning a light at night, the ringing was finally heard one night when there was a light in the room. The lady of the house then went quietly down to the dining-room, and saw a large rat with every expression of pleasure leaping forward and with his forelegs striking the prisms so as to make them ring, and evidently taking the keenest delight in the sound thus produced.—*Harper's Monthly*.

The three gambling races of the earth are the Indians, Chinese and Anglo-Saxons. Any uncertainty will induce Anglo-Saxons to set up a bet and even so terrible an event as the Maybrick trial was made the subject of many wagers by so called gentlemen, and even ladies. Ladies indeed are said to be the heaviest "plungers" when they do enter the betting ring. The feminine intellect finds it hard to make a safe book, but in the Liverpool poisoning case odds of twenty to one and upward were paid on the acquittal of the prisoner up to the second day of the judge's summing up. There is something so extremely revolting in laying a wager on a criminal's life, that it is enough to disgust ordinary gamblers with their trade, to see excitement thus eagerly snatched at under the very shadow of the gallows. But gambling and betting are among the curses and perils of our time.—*The Churchman*.

The Paris (France) Compressed Air Company is an organization successfully engaged in transmitting power to hundreds of industrial establishments in that city. They have a great central station where, by means of ordinary steam air-compressing engines, air is compressed for its many customers. The air so compressed is sent through thirty miles of main pipes at a pressure of from 80 to 90 pounds per square inch, and is utilized to the extent of nearly 2,000 horse-power in large and small industries. The work of compression consumes 50 tons of coal a day. The mains through which the air is forced are of 12 inches internal diameter. It is carried to every part of Paris, and sold at moderate rates to consumers. These employ engines of special form, provided by the company at a certain rental, or at outright sale. The power is used for every conceivable purpose, from the small energy required to run a sewing machine up to the force demanded by a great printing establishment or an electric light plant. It has been found especially serviceable for use upon elevators, and in places where power is required only occasionally. The system has found wide favour, and is making money, while its customers are avoiding waste, trouble and useless expense.—*Canadian Manufacturer*.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Montreal has been at no loss for good things of late in the way of dramatic representation. Mr. Henry Thomas, as lessee and manager of the Academy of Music, keeps the stage-loving public in a humour in which enjoyment alternates with expectation and disappointments rarely cloud the spirits. In successive weeks we have had "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Hubby" and "A Mere Cypher," "Paola," and "Captain Swift," which is still running to good houses. "Paola" (the F. C. Duff Opera Company) was, on the whole, a success. If the overture was not all that could be desired, its defects were fully compensated by what followed. The music was pronounced appropriate and pleasant to listen to and the chorus well drilled, large and attractive in its *personnel*. The costuming was superb, the stage appointments were faultless, and the scenery was in the best style of Messrs. Graham, Goatcher and Young. Harry Paulton as *Sapolo* is inimitable. He has the faculty of making one laugh by simply looking at him and he uses it to good purpose. Miss Louise Beaudet was as winsome and vivacious a *Chilina* as could be imagined, and she sings and dances prettily. The *Paola* of Miss Lenore Snyder was another delightful presentation. She is gifted with a beautiful voice, which she uses intelligently and with good effect, and she adds a refreshing touch of *naïveté* to her speeches. Mr. Clem Herschell had a phenomenal make-up and did all he could with his part, and Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Clifton could hardly be improved on. The whole company in fact was admirable, and those who witnessed its play in Montreal can understand how it attained such popularity at the Fifth Avenue.

"Captain Swift," which began its course at the Academy on the 21st inst., with a good company, in which Arthur Forrest and Rose Eytinge are the leading figures, is one of those plays which do not depend on startling situations or melodramatic romance for effect; it is truer to nature than that. It may arouse sympathy in one direction and shock it in another. It may leave the audience dissatisfied at the close with the outcome of the story. It may stir up a genuine pity—which is not maudlin either—for a very pronounced scoundrel; but the scoundrel is such an attractive and daring individuality that everybody in the audience easily forgives himself for forgiving that same scoundrel. It should not be inferred from this that vice is in any way made attractive in the story told by the author. On the contrary it points a very healthy moral. It illustrates how a man's misdoings, no matter how carefully the tracks are covered up, will discover him in the end; and it also tries to teach that the physical courage and daring which all admire are not sufficiently redemptory to blot out a career of crime.

"Out in the streets" is the attraction at the Theatre Royal this week. The story deals with a scapegrace who deserts his wife and child, leaving them to the tender mercies of the police, and finally, to secure a fortune, commits numerous crimes, in which he manages to implicate the innocent. The part of the hero, *Harry Farley*, is admirably portrayed by Mr. N. S. Wood.

At the annual meeting of the M.A.A.A. Dramatic Club, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing season:—President, S. M. Baylis; vice-president, J. B. H. Rickaby; treasurer, S. Brodie; committee, J. D. Miller, E. S. Shephard, D. H. Reynoldson, H. K. Wright and G. S. Shephard. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were found to be of a satisfactory character and were both unanimously adopted.

Johann Brahms has received the decoration of Cross of Knight of the Order of Leopold.

The Wagner family received \$13,000 as their share of the profits arising from the recent Bayreuth festival.

Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has been offered \$12,500 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin. It is dated 1715.

Hamish McCunn is composing a cantata, entitled "The Cameronian's Dream," to be first given in Edinburgh some time next year.

Vogl, the tenor singer, has concluded arrangements to sing at the Munich Court opera during the next ten years at a salary of \$8,000 a year.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, for the first time in twenty years, is about to attempt an opera on a serious subject, intended for D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in London.

In the new play, by A. R. Haven, "Josephine, Empress of the French," Mlle. Rhea's impersonation of the beautiful and unhappy Empress wins all hearts—especially the feminine.

The announcement that Prof. Franz Kullak was about to close the school of music in Berlin established by his father, Theodor Kullak, seems to have surprised the Berlin musical world.

Karl Goldmark, the composer of "The Queen of Sheba," has just finished a symphonic poem entitled

"Prometheus Bound." It will be heard in Vienna some time during the winter.

The Isben Method is a new class of dramatic literature. The plays from which it takes its name deal altogether with social problems and have been written by Dr. Isben, the Scandinavian playwright, a selection from whose works, translated into English, was published some months ago by Walter Scott. A Mr. Palmer intends to produce one of them, "The Pillars of Society."

Our illustrious fellow-countrywoman, Madame Albani, had the honour of singing before the Queen lately at Balmoral, and her sister, Miss Lajeunesse, accompanied her. Madame Albani sings every year before the Queen, who greatly admires her singing, and has a very great personal regard for her. The Queen does not pay Madame Albani for singing, but has given her on each occasion some memento of her visit.

Joseph Haworth, who is the star in Steele Mackaye's drama of the "Reign of Terror," has a souvenir of the late John McCullough which he prizes as he would a gem of purest water. It is a letter written Oct. 29, 1887, a short time before the celebrated tragedian's death, saying: "We will write our names on the immortal pages of Shakespeare. They look better there and will live a good deal longer. Let me guide you up the dark, steep path to fame. There are none who can follow you."

THE PEARL BRACELET.

I.

THE VISION OF BEAUTY.

Love knew her beautiful; and yet that night
Truth limned her than all fancy's dreams more fair.
Blithely, she moved towards me, up the stair,
Vestured in opal, while the steadfast light
Glowed on smooth arms and bosom lily-white,
Like sun on gems. Before that vision rare
Of loveliness I stood, my heart in snare,
She proud, yet shamed to have so tranced my sight.

Meseemed her soul had reached its angel flower,
Though still she dwelt in this deathgated land.
Soul-stricken by her radiant purity,
I faltered words, forgotten to this hour,
And bending low, with deep humility,
Kissed the warm whiteness of her ungloved hand.

II.

THE BRACELET.

To deck her child, the richest of white roses
Nature had culled; and as her vicar I
Wreathed them with fern, then while the maiden shy
Stood smiling on me, pinned the happy posies
In her soft gown, where, as the wave discloses
The pearly shells that on the shore-edge lie,
The lace framed back and showed the ivory
Of that dear nest wherein arch Love reposes.

She bound three rosebuds in her shimmering hair;
Then gloved her arms, and held them out to me,
Eyes veiled. I clasped the bracelet on her wrist,
Gold and five pearls, and bade her see it there.
She looked and blushed, and shyly for my fee,
Proffered her lips, whose rosiness I kissed.

III.

HER PROMISE.

"Pearls, set with gold," she murmured; "once again
Thou givest me pearls. See in thy ring I wear
Are pearls, like dew tangled in golden hair,
I love them, being thine and now am fain
To love them less, that these my love may gain
Thou givest me now, thy newer gift and rare,—
Oh, what am I that thou canst think me fair,
And my weak soul on soul of thine sustain!

"Pearls! dear they say that pearls betoken tears,—
How old-folk fancies cling about us still!
Thou wilt not, Love, bring any tears to me?
Yet if thou shouldst, and Fate's cup bearing years
Brimful of grief our mutual goblet fill,
Whate'er thou drinkest I will drink with thee."

IV.

IN THE MORNING.

Sleep's bride, upon her spotless couch she lay,
In one hand's dainty nest her cheek; dream flushed,
For spake by night thoughts that by day were hushed.
Smiles round her mouth's ripe rose, like bees, did play,
Or like, in the east, the first coy beams of day,
And in the tresses her pure brow that brushed
Were yet the roses, faded now and crushed,
Had crowned her in the hours of revelry.

Gently her bosom heaved, and one nude arm,
Whose goddess-grace no marble could excel,
Fronted the rising sun, whose glances warm
Upon its unconcealed beauty fell;
And as the lord of day the pure flesh kissed,
He touched with flame my bracelet on her wrist.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Humorous

"WERE you at the party last night, Bromley?" "No, my wife went, I stayed at home and took care of the baby." "Well, what kind of a time did you have?" "Rocky!"

BOBBY, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice as I told you to? Bobby: Yes, I told her that she could have the little one or none, and she choose the little one.

MISS JONES: How good of you, doctor, to come and talk with me! Doctor: Oh, not at all. I have listened to so much clever talk this evening that it will be quite a rest to listen to you, Miss Jones, I assure you.

"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith; it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then; I must change these photographs on the mantel."

As a fop was riding a very fine horse, a young lady was very evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and asked. "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply, "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

ANGRY WIFE (after a quarrel): Seems to me we've been married a hundred years. I can't remember when or where we first met. Husband (emphatically): I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at a table.

STRANGER: Did a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago? Granger: No, sor. I've been right outer this tater patch fer mor'n a nower an' notter blamed thing has passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he was trampin' erlong on foot.

THEY were climbing up the mountain side, and, coming to a steep place, he deemed it proper to assist her, and, turning, said: "Please give me your hand." "Oh," she replied with a blush, "this is so sudden. You must ask papa."

A LITTLE GIRL, who evidently had lived long enough to gain some knowledge of human nature, was asked by her teacher what a minute man was. "A minute man," said the little girl, "is a man who wants everything done right away."

A MATHEMATICAL EXPERT.—Teacher: If a man has two hundred pounds of ice in his waggon and one-fourth of it is lost by melting, how many pounds do his customers pay for? Boy (whose father is in the business): Three thousand pounds.

HE KNEW.—Teacher (to class in arithmetic): John goes marketing. He buys two and a quarter pounds of sugar at 11 cents a pound, two dozen eggs at 16 cents a dozen, and a gallon and a half of milk at 20 cents a gallon. What does it all make? Smallest boy (hugging himself ecstatically): Custard.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.—De Pole: Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole: I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighbourhood. "Hub! You don't take his word for it, do you?" "No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."

MISS LIGHTED: I was very much admired at the wedding reception last night. I noticed one gentleman who never took his eyes off me the whole evening. Miss Sharpe: Did the gentleman have a black moustache, waxed on the ends? Yes; do you know him? I know of him. He is a detective. He was there to watch the presents.

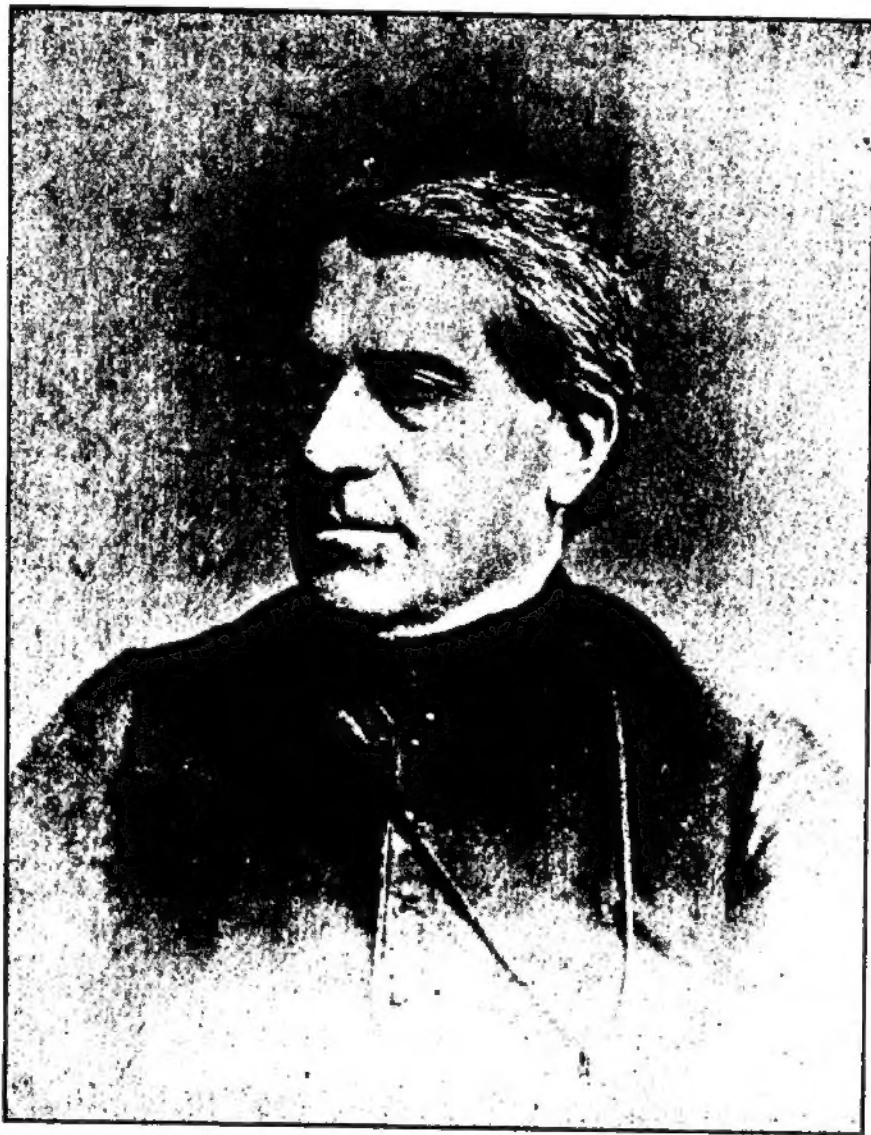
AN old bachelor, through no fault of his, was looking at a little baby, and was expected to admire it, of course. "Well, Mr. Blinkins," said the proud young mother, expectantly, "is it not very lovely?" "Yes-er—that is to say—or-um—about how old must such a baby be, Mrs. Tompkins, before it begins to look like a human being?"

FIRST OLD LADY: Conductor, raise this window; I shall smother to death! Second ditto: Conductor, lower this window, or I'll freeze to death! First old lady again: Conductor, will you raise— Irate passenger (interrupting): Conductor, hoist that window and freeze one of those old women to death; then lower it and smother the other one!

A SERIOUS CASE.—Mrs. Briske: Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out? Little Johnny (stopping his play): Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night. Mrs. Briske: Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent for him to see; it was the baby.

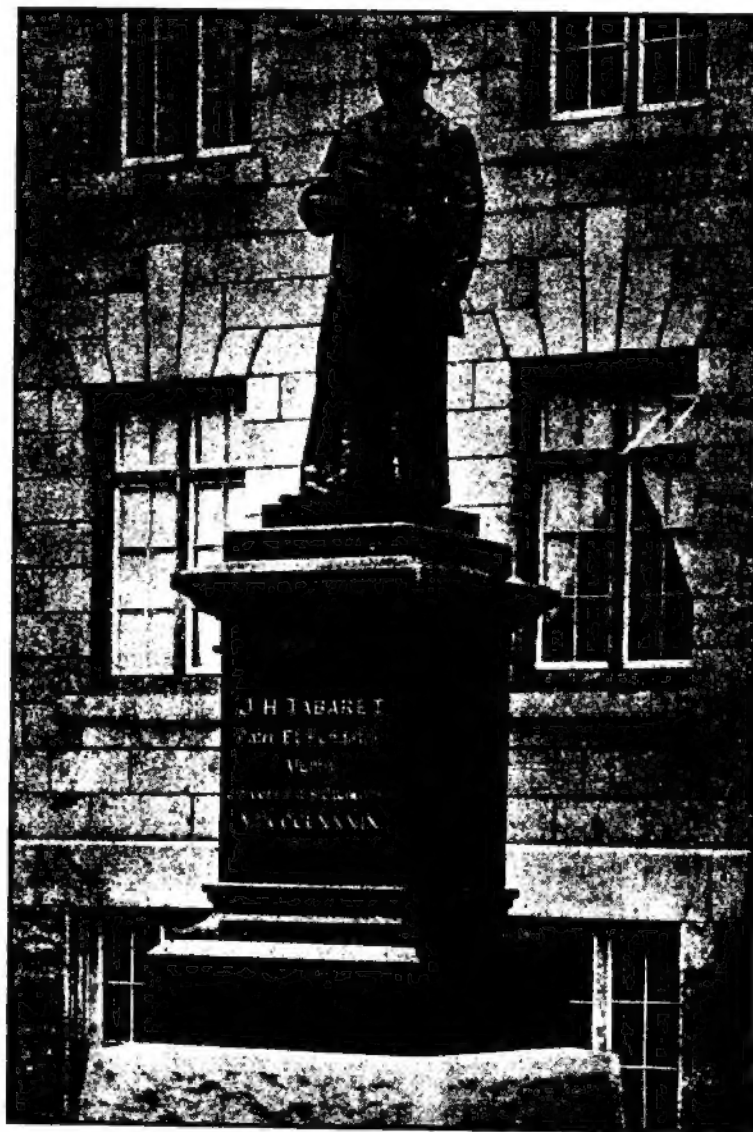
"Them city people," said Farmer Smiley, "think themselves mighty smart, but they are a durned ignorant set. F'rinstance, when I wuz ridin' 'long Queen street west last Saturday I seen a big sign out, 'Great sale of Jerseys, all wool.' Ha! ha! What d'yer think of that? They act'ally think that wool grows on Jerseys! Why, any six-year-old boy on a farm knows better'n that."

MR. WATTS: I was reading just now about the richest woman in the world. Mrs. Watts: I know who is the richest woman in the world without having to read. Mr. Watts: Who is it? Mrs. Watts: I am. For I've got you, darling, and that makes me the richest woman in the world, even if I haven't got a bonnet fit to be seen on the street. She will wear a new bonnet to church next Sunday.



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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are
open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office
in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the home-
steader desires, he may, on application to the Minister
of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Domi-
nion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one
year the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be per-
formed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during
which period the settler may not be absent for more
than six months in any one year without forfeiting the
entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the
homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to
application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habi-
table house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken
the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the
second, and 15 in the third year; 30 acres to be in crop
the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two
years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second
cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres,
also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited
if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two
years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must
reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six
months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead
inspector or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat
or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the
Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his
intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situated at Winnipeg, Qu'Ap-
pelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immi-
grants will receive, at any of these offices, information
as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the
officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance
in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead
patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned
by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon applica-
tion for patent made by him prior to the second day of
June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under
the control of the Dominion Government, lying between the
eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast,
should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department
of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.